ELEGIAC SONNETS,

&c.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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T. Stothard del.ᵗ

L. Naegle sculp.ᵗ

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ELEGIAC SONNETS,

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE SEVENTH EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL SONNETS

AND OTHER POEMS.

LONDON:

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MDCCXCV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

SIR,

WHILE I aſk your protection for theſe eſſays, I cannot deny having myſelf ſome eſteem for them. Yet permit me to ſay, that did I not truſt to your candour and ſenſibility, and hope they will plead for the errors your judgment muſt diſcover, I ſhould never have availed myſelf of the liberty I have obtained —— that of dedicating theſe ſimple effuſions to the greateſt modern Maſter of that charming talent, in which I can never be more than a diſtant copyiſt.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and obliged ſervant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

THE little Poems which are here called Sonnets, have I believe no very juſt claim to that title: but they conſiſt of fourteen lines, and appear to me no improper vehicle for a ſingle Sentiment. I am told, and I read it as the opinion of very good judges, that the legitimate Sonnet is ill calculated for our language. The ſpecimen Mr. Hayley has given, though they form a ſtrong exception, prove no more, than that the difficulties of the attempt vaniſh before uncommon powers.

Some very melancholy moments have been beguiled by expreſſing in verſe the ſenſations thoſe moments brought. Some of my friends, with partial indiſcretion, have multiplied the copies they procured of ſeveral of theſe attempts, till they found their way into the prints of the day in a mutilated ſtate; which, concurring with other circumſtances, determined me to put them into their preſent form. I can hope for readers only among the few, who to ſenſibility of heart, join ſimplicity of taſte.

PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD AND FOURTH EDITIONS.

THE reception given by the public, as well as my particular friends, to the two firſt editions of theſe poems, has induced me to add to the preſent ſuch other Sonnets as I have written ſince, or have recovered from my acquaintance, to whom I had given them without thinking well enough of them at the time to preſerve any copies myſelf. A few of thoſe laſt written, I have attempted on the Italian model; with what ſucceſs I know not, but I am perſuaded

that to the generality of readers thoſe which are leſs regular will be more pleaſing.

As a few notes were neceſſary, I have added them at the end. I have there quoted ſuch lines as I have borrowed; and even where I am conſcious the ideas were not my own, I have reſtored them to their original poſſeſſors.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIFTH EDITION.

IN printing a liſt of ſo many noble, literary, and reſpectable names, it would become me, perhaps, to make my acknowledgments to thoſe friends, to whoſe exertions in my favor, rather than to any merit of my own, I owe the brilliant aſſemblage. With difficulty I repreſs what I feel on this ſubject; but in the conviction that ſuch acknowledgments would be painful to them, I forbear publickly to ſpeak of thoſe particular obligations, the ſenſe of which will ever be deeply impreſſed on my heart.

PREFACE

TO THE

SIXTH EDITION.

WHEN a ſixth Edition of theſe little Poems was lately called for, it was propoſed to me, to add ſuch Sonnets or other pieces, as I might have written ſince the publication of the fifth—Of theſe, however, I had only a few; and on ſhewing them to a friend of whoſe judgment I had an high opinion; he remarked, that ſome of them, particularly "The Sleeping Woodman," and "The Return of the Nightingale," reſembled in their ſubjects, and ſtill more in the plaintive tone in which they are written, the greater part of thoſe in the former Editions—and that, perhaps, ſome of a more lively caſt, might be better

liked by the Public——"Toujours perdrix," ſaid my friend—"Toujours perdrix," you know, "ne vaut rien."—I am far from ſuppoſing that *your* compoſitions can be neglected or diſapproved on whatever ſubject: but perhaps "toujours Roſſignols, toujours des chanſon triſte," may not be ſo well received as if you attempted, what you would certainly execute as ſucceſsfully, a more cheerful ſtyle of compoſition. "Alas!" replied I, "Are grapes gather'd from thorns, or figs from thiſtles?" Or can the *effect* ceaſe, while the *cauſe* remains? *You know* that when in the Beech Woods of Hampſhire, I firſt ſtruck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear! It was unaffected ſorrows drew them forth: I wrote mournfully becauſe I was unhappy—And I have unfortunately no reaſon yet, though nine years have ſince elapſed, to *change my tone.* The

time is indeed arrived, when I have been promiſed by "*the Honourable Men*" who *nine years ago*, undertook to ſee that my family obtained the proviſion their grandfather deſigned for them,—that "all ſhould be well, all ſhould be ſettled." But ſtill I am condemned to feel the "*hope delayed that maketh the heart ſick.*" Still to receive—not a repetition of promiſes indeed—*but of ſcorn and inſult*, when I apply to thoſe gentlemen, who, though they acknowledge that all impediments to a diviſion of the eſtate they have undertaken to manage, are done away—will neither tell me *when* they will proceed to divide it; or, *whether they will ever do ſo at all.* You know the circumſtances under which I have now ſo long been labouring; and you have done me the honor to ſay, that few Women could ſo long have contended with them. With theſe, however, as they are ſome of them of a

domeſtic and painful nature, I will not trouble the Public *now*; but while they exiſt in all their force, that indulgent Public muſt accept all I am able to atchieve—" Toujours des Chanſons triſtes!"

Thus ended the ſhort dialogue between my friend and me, and I repeat it as an apology for that apparent deſpondence, which when it is obſerved for a long ſeries of years, may look like affectation. *I ſhall be ſorry*, if on ſome future occaſion, I ſhould feel myſelf compelled to detail its cauſes more at length; for notwithſtanding I am thus frequently appearing as an Authoreſs, and have derived from thence many of the greateſt advantages of my life, (ſince it has procured me friends whoſe attachment is moſt invaluable,) I am well aware that for a woman—" The Poſt of Honor is a Private Station."

London, May 14, 1792.

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Plate 2. Elegy

Grbould del. Heath. sculp.

Published Jan.y 1.1789. by T. Cadell Strand.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

SONNET I.

THE partial Muſe, has from my earlieſt hours
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And ſtill with ſportive hand has ſnatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantaſtic garlands for my head:
But far, far happier is the lot of thoſe
Who never learn'd her dear deluſive art;
Which, while it decks the head with many a roſe,
Reſerves the thorn, to feſter in the heart.
For ſtill ſhe bid's ſoft Pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the hills ſhe knows not to remove,
Points every pang, and deepens every ſigh
Of mourning friendſhip, or unhappy love.
Ah! then, how dear the Muſe's favours coſt,
If thoſe paint ſorrow beſt—who feel it moſt! 14

SONNET II.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring ſo lately wove,
Each ſimple flower, which ſhe had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that ſpangled every grove,
The primroſe wan, and hare-bell, mildly blue.
No more ſhall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again ſhall call forth every bell,
And dreſs with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! ſo frail, ſo fair,
Are the fond viſions of thy early day,
Till tyrant paſſion, and corroſive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers ſhall bring;
Ah! why has happineſs——no ſecond Spring?

SONNET III.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

POOR melancholy bird——that all night long
Tell'ſt to the Moon thy tale of tender woe;
From what ſad cauſe can ſuch ſweet ſorrow flow,
And whence this mournful melody of ſong?

Thy poet's muſing fancy would tranſlate
What mean the ſounds that ſwell thy little breaſt,
When ſtill at dewy eve thou leav'ſt thy neſt,
Thus to the liſtening night to ſing thy fate?

Pale ſorrow's victims wert thou once among,
Tho' now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove?
Say—haſt thou felt from friends ſome cruel wrong,
Or died'ſt thou——martyr of diſaſtrous love?
Ah! ſongſtreſs ſad! that ſuch my lot might be,
To ſigh and ſing at liberty——like thee!

SONNET IV.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the ſilver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and penſive, I delight to ſtray,
And watch thy ſhadow trembling in the ſtream,
Or mark the floating clouds that croſs thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a ſoft calm upon my troubled breaſt;
And oft I think——fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb, the wretched may have reſt:
The ſufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death——to thy benignant ſphere,
And the ſad children of deſpair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of ſorrow here.
Oh! that I ſoon may reach thy world ſerene,
Poor wearied pilgrim——in this toiling ſcene!

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Plate 3. Sonnet 4.

Orlando del. Milton sculpt

Published Jan.y 1.1789 by T. Cadell, Strand.

Queen of the Silver Bow, &c.

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SONNET V.

TO THE SOUTH DOWNS.

AH! hills belov'd!——where once, an happy child,
Your beechen ſhades, ‘ your turf, your flowers among,’ [2]
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artleſs ſong.
Ah! hills belov'd!——your turf, your flowers remain;
But can they peace to this ſad breaſt reſtore,
For one poor moment ſoothe the ſenſe of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?
And you, Aruna!——in the vale below, [9]
As to the ſea your limpid waves you bear,
Can you one kind Lethean cup beſtow,
To drink a long oblivion to my care?
Ah! no!——when all, e'en Hope's laſt ray is gone,
There's no oblivion——but in death alone!

SONNET VI.

TO HOPE.

OH, Hope! thou ſoother ſweet of human woes!
How ſhall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn!
For me wilt thou renew the wither'd roſe,
And clear my painful path of pointed thorn?
Ah come, ſweet nymph! in ſmiles and ſoftneſs dreſt,
Like the young hours that lead the tender year,
Enchantreſs come! and charm my cares to reſt:——
Alas! the flatterer flies, and will not hear!
A prey to fear, anxiety, and pain,
Muſt I a ſad exiſtence ſtill deplore?
Lo!——the flowers fade, but all the thorns remain,
'For me the vernal garland blooms no more.' [12]
Come then 'pale Miſery's love!' be thou my cure, [13]
And I will bleſs thee, who tho' ſlow art ſure.

SONNET VII.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods——a long adieu!
Farewel, ſoft minſtrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou ſhalt ſing anew,
And pour thy muſic on 'the night's dull ear.'
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether ſilent in our groves you dwell,
The penſive muſe ſhall own thee for her mate,
And ſtill protect the ſong, ſhe loves ſo well.
With cautious ſtep, the love-lorn youth ſhall glide
Thro' the lone brake that ſhades thy moſſy neſt;
And ſhepherd girls, from eyes profane ſhall hide
The gentle bird, who ſings of pity beſt:
For ſtill thy voice ſhall ſoft affections move,
And ſtill be dear to ſorrow, and to love!

SONNET VIII.

TO SPRING.

AGAIN the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
In many a tint of tender green are dreſt,
Where the young leaves unfolding, ſcarce conceal
Beneath their early ſhade, the half-form'd neſt
Of finch or wood-lark; and the primroſe pale,
And laviſh cowſlip, wildly ſcatter'd round,
Give their ſweet ſpirits to the ſighing gale.
Ah! ſeaſon of delight!——could aught be found
To ſoothe awhile the tortur'd boſom's pain,
Of Sorrow's rankling ſhaft to cure the wound,
And bring life's firſt deluſions once again,
'Twere ſurely meet in thee!——thy proſpect fair,
Thy ſounds of harmony, thy balmy air,
Have power to cure all ſadneſs——but deſpair. 14

Stothard del. Neagle fculp.

Published January 1st 1789. by T. Cadell Strand.

On some rude fragment of the rocky shore..

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SONNET IX.

BLEST is yon ſhepherd, on the turf reclin'd,
Who on the varied clouds which float above
Lies idly gazing——while his vacant mind
Pours out ſome tale antique of rural love!
Ah! *he* has never felt the pangs that move
Th' indignant ſpirit, when with ſelfiſh pride,
Friends, on whoſe faith the truſting heart rely'd,
Unkindly ſhun th' imploring eye of woe!
The ills they ought to ſoothe, with taunts deride,
And laugh at tears themſelves have forc'd to flow.
Nor *his* rude boſom thoſe fine feelings melt,
Children of Sentiment and Knowledge born,
Thro' whom each ſhaft with cruel force is felt,
Empoiſon'd by deceit——or barb'd with ſcorn.

SONNET X.

TO MRS. G.

AH! why will Mem'ry with officious care
The long loſt viſions of my days renew?
Why paint the vernal landſcape green and fair,
When life's gay dawn was opening to my view?
Ah! wherefore bring thoſe moments of delight,
When with my Anna, on the ſouthern ſhore,
I thought the future, as the preſent bright?
Ye dear deluſions!——ye return no more!
Alas! how diff'rent does the truth appear,
From the warm picture youth's raſh hand pourtrays!
How fade's the ſcene, as we approach it near,
And pain and ſorrow ſtrike——how many ways!
Yet of that tender heart, ah! ſtill retain
A ſhare for me——and I will not complain!——

SONNET XI.

TO SLEEP.

COME balmy Sleep! tir'd nature's ſoft reſort!
On theſe ſad temples all thy poppies ſhed;
And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus' airy court,
Float in light viſion round my aching head!
Secure of all thy bleſſings, partial Power!
On his hard bed the peaſant throws him down;
And the poor ſea boy, in the rudeſt hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.
Claſp'd in her faithful ſhepherd's guardian arms,
Well may the village girl ſweet ſlumbers prove;
And they, O gentle Sleep!——ſtill taſte thy charms,
Who wake to labour, liberty, and love.
But ſtill thy opiate aid doſt thou deny
To calm the anxious breaſt; to cloſe the ſtreaming eye.

SONNET XII.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.—OCTOBER, 1784.

ON ſome rude fragment of the rocky ſhore,
Where on the fractur'd cliff, the billows break,
Muſing, my ſolitary ſeat I take,
And liſten to the deep and ſolemn roar.

O'er the dark waves the winds tempeſtuous howl;
The ſcreaming ſea-bird quits the troubled ſea:
But the wild gloomy ſcene has charms for me,
And ſuits the mournful temper of my ſoul.

Already ſhipwreck'd by the ſtorms of Fate,
Like the poor mariner methinks I ſtand,
Caſt on a rock; who ſees the diſtant land
From whence no ſuccour comes—or comes too late.
Faint and more faint are heard his feeble cries,
'Till in the riſing tide, the exhauſted ſufferer dies.

SONNET XIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

OH! place me where the burning noon
Forbids the wither'd flow'r to blow;
Or place me in the frigid zone,
On mountains of eternal ſnow:
Let me purſue the ſteps of Fame,
Or Poverty's more tranquil road;
Let youth's warm tide my veins inflame,
Or ſixty winters chill my blood:
Tho' my fond ſoul to Heav'n were flown,
Or tho' on earth 'tis doom'd to pine,
Priſoner or free—obſcure or known,
My heart, oh Laura! ſtill is thine.
Whate'er my deſtiny may be,
That faithful heart ſtill burns for thee!

SONNET XIV.

FROM PETRARCH.

LOOSE to the wind her golden treſſes ſtream'd,
Forming bright waves, with amorous Zephyr's ſighs;
And tho' averted now, her charming eyes
Then with warm love, and melting pity beam'd.
Was I deceiv'd?—Ah! ſurely, nymph divine!
That fine ſuffuſion on thy cheek was love;
What wonder then thoſe beauteous tints ſhould move,
Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine!
Thy ſoft melodious voice, thy air, thy ſhape,
Were of a goddeſs——not a mortal maid;
Yet tho' thy charms, thy heavenly charms ſhould fade,
My heart, my tender heart could not eſcape;
Nor cure for me in time or change be found:
The ſhaft extracted, does not cure the wound!

SONNET XV.

FROM PETRARCH.

WHERE the green leaves exclude the ſummer beam,
And ſoftly bend as balmy breezes blow,
And where, with liquid lapſe, the lucid ſtream
Acroſs the fretted rock is heard to flow,
Penſive I lay: when ſhe whom Earth conceals,
As if ſtill living, to my eyes appears,
And pitying Heaven her angel form reveals,
To ſay—'Unhappy Petrarch, dry your tears;
'Ah! why, ſad lover! thus before your time,
'In grief and ſadneſs ſhould your life decay,
'And like a blighted flower, your manly prime
'In vain and hopeleſs ſorrow, fade away?
'Ah! yield not thus to culpable deſpair,
'But raiſe thine eyes to Heaven—and think I wait
'thee there.'

SONNET XVI.

FROM PETRARCH.

YE vales and woods! fair ſcenes of happier hours!
Ye feather'd people, tenants of the grove!
And you, bright ſtream! befring'd with ſhrubs and flowers,
Behold my grief, ye witneſſes of love!

For ye beheld my infant paſſion riſe,
And ſaw thro' years unchang'd my faithful flame;
Now cold, in duſt, the beauteous object lies,
And you, ye conſcious ſcenes, are ſtill the ſame!

While buſy memory ſtill delights to dwell
On all the charms theſe bitter tears deplore,
And with a trembling hand deſcribes too well
The angel form I ſhall behold no more?
To Heaven ſhe's fled! and nought to me remains
But the pale aſhes, which her urn contains.

SONNET XVII.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH CANTATA OF METASTASIO.

ON thy grey bark, in witneſs of my flame,
I carve Miranda's cypher——Beauteous tree!
Grac'd with the lovely letters of her name,
Henceforth be ſacred, to my love and me!
Tho' the tall elm, the oak, and darker pine
With broader arms, may noon's fierce ar[illegible]s break,
To ſhelter me, and her I love, be thine;
And thine to ſee her ſmile and hear her ſpeak.
No bird, ill omen'd, round thy graceful head
Shall clamour harſh, or wave his heavy wing,
But fern and flowers ariſe beneath thy ſhade,
Where the wild bees, their lullabies ſhall ſing.
And in thy boughs the murmuring Ring-dove reſt;
And there the Nightingale ſhall build her neſt.

SONNET XVIII.

TO THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

WYNDHAM! 'tis not thy blood, tho' pure it runs
Thro' a long line of glorious anceſtry,
Percys and Seymours, Britain's boaſted ſons,
Who truſt the honors of their race to thee:

'Tis not thy ſplendid domes, where ſcience loves
To touch the canvas, and the buſt to raiſe;
Thy rich domains, fair fields, and ſpreading groves;
'Tis not all theſe the Muſe delights to praiſe!

In birth and wealth and honours, great thou art!
But nobler, in thy independent mind;
And in that liberal hand and feeling heart
Given thee by Heaven——a bleſſing to mankind!
Unworthy oft may titled fortune be;
A ſoul like thine——is true Nobility!

SONNET XIX.

TO MR. HAYLEY.

ON RECEIVING SOME ELEGANT LINES FROM HIM.

FOR me the Muſe a ſimple band deſign'd
Of 'idle' flowers that bloom the woods among,
Which, with the cypreſs and the willow join'd,
A garland form'd, as artleſs as my ſong.
And little dar'd I hope its tranſient hours
So long would laſt; compos'd of buds ſo brief;
'Till Hayley's hand among the vagrant flowers,
Threw from his verdant crown, a deathleſs leaf.
For high in Fame's bright fane has Judgment plac'd
The laurel wreath Serena's poet won,
Which, wov'n with myrtles by the hands of Taſte,
The Muſe decreed, for this her favourite ſon.
And thoſe immortal leaves his temples ſhade,
Whoſe fair eternal verdure——ſhall not fade!

SONNET XX.

TO THE COUNTESS OF A——.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE.

ON this bleſt day may no dark cloud or ſhower,
With envious ſhade, the Sun's bright influence hide!
But all his rays illume the favour'd hour,
That ſaw thee, Mary!——Henry's lovely bride!

With years revolving may it ſtill ariſe,
Bleſt with each good approving Heaven can lend!
And ſtill, with ray ſerene, ſhall thoſe blue eyes
Enchant the huſband, and attach the friend!

For you, fair Friendſhip's amaranth ſhall blow,
And Love's own thornleſs roſes, bind your brow!
And when—long hence—to happier worlds you go,
Your beauteous race ſhall be, what you are now!
And future Nevills, thro' long ages ſhine,
With hearts as good, and forms as fair as thine!

SONNET XXI.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WERTER.

GO! cruel tyrant of the human breaſt!
To other hearts, thy burning arrows bear;
Go, where fond hope, and fair illuſion reſt!
Ah! why ſhould love inhabit with deſpair!
Like the poor maniac I linger here,
Still haunt the ſcene, where all my treaſure lies;
Still ſeek for flowers, where only thorns appear,
'And drink delicious poiſon from her eyes!'
Tow'rds the deep gulph that opens on my ſight
I hurry forward, paſſion's helpleſs ſlave!
And ſcorning reaſon's mild and ſober light,
Purſue the path that leads me to the grave!
So round the flame the giddy inſect flies,
And courts the fatal fire, by which it dies!

SONNET XXII.

BY THE SAME.

TO SOLITUDE.

OH, Solitude! to thy ſequeſter'd vale
I come to hide my ſorrow and my tears,
And to thy echoes tell the mournful tale
Which ſcarce I truſt to pitying Friendſhip's ears!
Amidſt thy wild-woods, and untrodden glades,
No ſounds but thoſe of melancholy move;
And the low winds that die among thy ſhades,
Seem like ſoft Pity's ſighs, for hopeleſs love!
And ſure ſome ſtory of deſpair and pain,
In yon deep copſe, thy murm'ring doves relate;
And hark! methinks in that long plaintive ſtrain,
Thine own ſweet ſongſtreſs weeps my wayward fate!
Ah, Nymph! that fate aſſiſt me to endure,
And bear awhile——what death alone can cure!

SONNET XXIII.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE NORTH STAR.

TO thy bright beams I turn my ſwimming eyes,
Fair, fav'rite planet! which in happier days
Saw my young hopes, ah! faithleſs hopes!—ariſe;
And on my paſſion ſhed propitious rays!
Now nightly wandering mid the tempeſts drear
That howl the woods, and rocky ſteeps among,
I love to ſee thy ſudden light appear
Thro' the ſwift clouds—driv'n by the wind along:
Or in the turbid water, rude and dark,
O'er whoſe wild ſtream the guſt of Winter raves,
Thy trembling light with pleaſure ſtill I mark,
Gleam in faint radiance on the foaming waves!
So o'er my ſoul ſhort rays of reaſon fly,
Then fade:—and leave me, to deſpair and die!

SONNET XXIV.

BY THE SAME.

MAKE there my tomb; beneath the lime-tree's ſhade,
Where graſs and flowers, in wild luxuriance wave;
Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
Or point to common eyes the lover's grave!
But oft at twilight morn, or cloſing day,
The faithful friend, with fault'ring ſtep ſhall glide,
Tributes of fond regret by ſtealth to pay,
And ſigh o'er the unhappy ſuicide!
And ſometimes, when the Sun with parting rays
Gilds the long graſs that hides my ſilent bed,
The tear ſhall tremble in my CHARLOTTE's eyes;
Dear, precious drops!—they ſhall embalm the dead!
Yes!—CHARLOTTE o'er the mournful ſpot ſhall weep,
Where her poor WERTER—and his ſorrows ſleep.

SONNET XXV.

BY THE SAME.

JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.

WHY ſhould I wiſh to hold in this low ſphere
'A frail and feveriſh being?' wherefore try
Poorly from day to day to linger here,
Againſt the powerful hand of deſtiny?
By thoſe who know the force of hopeleſs care,
On the worn heart—I ſure ſhall be forgiven,
If to elude dark guilt, and dire deſpair,
I go uncall'd—to mercy and to Heaven!
Oh thou! to ſave whoſe peace I now depart,
Will thy ſoft mind, thy poor loſt friend deplore,
When worms ſhall feed on this devoted heart,
Where even thy image ſhall be found no more?
Yet may thy pity mingle not with pain,
For then thy hapleſs lover—dies in vain!

SONNET XXVI.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

ON thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear,
Yet ſhall the mournful muſe thy courſe adorn,
And ſtill to her thy ruſtic waves be dear.
For with the infant Otway, lingering here,
Of early woes ſhe bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs ſooth'd his penſive ear,
And ſtill the poet—conſecrates the ſtream.
Beneath the oak and birch, that fringe thy ſide,
The firſt-born violets of the year ſhall ſpring,
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earlieſt Nightingale delight to ſing:
While kindred ſpirits, pitying, ſhall relate
Thy Otway's ſorrows, and lament his fate!

SONNET XXVII.

SIGHING I ſee yon little troop at play;
By ſorrow yet untouch'd; unhurt by care;
While free and ſportive they enjoy to-day,
'Content and careleſs of to-morrow's fare!'
Oh happy age! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their ſimple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world ſo full of pain,
Where proſperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride, misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah!—for their future fate how many fears
Oppreſs my heart—and fill mine eyes with tears!

SONNET XXVIII.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

OH thou! whoſe name too often is profan'd!
Whoſe charms, celeſtial! few have hearts to feel!
Unknown to folly—and by pride diſdain'd!
—To thy ſoft ſolace may my ſorrows ſteal!
Like the fair Moon, thy mild and genuine ray,
Thro' life's long evening ſhall unclouded laſt;
While pleaſure's frail attachments fleet away,
As fades the rainbow from the northern blaſt!
'Tis thine, oh Nymph! with 'balmy hands to bind'
The wounds inflicted in misfortune's ſtorm,
And blunt ſevere affliction's ſharpeſt dart!
—'Tis thy pure ſpirit warms my Anna's mind,
Beams thro' the penſive ſoftneſs of her form,
And holds its altar—on her ſpotleſs heart!

SONNET XXIX.

TO MISS C——

ON BEING DESIRED TO ATTEMPT WRITING A COMEDY.

WOULD'ST thou then have *me* tempt the comic ſcene
Of gay Thalia? Us'd ſo long to tread
The gloomy paths of ſorrow's cypreſs ſhade;
And the lorn lay, with ſighs and tears to ſtain?
Alas! how much unfit her ſprightly vein!
Arduous to try!—and ſeek the ſunny mead,
And bowers of roſes, where ſhe loves to lead
The ſportive ſubjects of her golden reign!
Enough for me, if ſtill, to ſoothe my days,
Her fair and penſive ſiſter condeſcend,
With tearful ſmile to bleſs my ſimple lays;
Enough, if her ſoft notes ſhe ſometimes lend,
To gain for me, of feeling hearts the praiſe,
And chiefly thine, my ever partial friend!

SONNET XXX.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

BE the proud Thames, of trade the buſy mart!
Arun! to thee will other praiſe belong;
Dear to the lover's, and the mourner's heart,
And ever ſacred to the ſons of ſong!

Thy banks romantic, hopeleſs Love ſhall ſeek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bind with flaunts;[6]
And Sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek,
Chooſe on thy willow'd ſhore her lonely haunts!

Banks! which inſpir'd thy Otway's plaintive ſtrain![9]
Wilds!—whoſe lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful ſhell! yet once again
Another poet—Hayley is thine own!
Thy claſſic ſtream anew ſhall hear a lay,
Bright as its waves, and various as its way!

SONNET XXXI.

WRITTEN ON FARM WOOD, SOUTH DOWNS, IN MAY 1784.

SPRING's dewy hand on this fair ſummit weaves
The downy graſs, with tufts of Alpine flowers,
And ſhades the beechen ſlopes with tender leaves,
And leads the ſhepherd to his upland bowers,
Strewn with wild thyme; while ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Feed the green ear, and nurſe the future ſheaves!
—Ah! bleſt the hind—whom no ſad thought bereaves
Of the gay Seaſon's pleaſures!—All his hours
To wholeſome labour given, or thoughtleſs mirth;
No pangs of ſorrow paſt, or coming dread,
Bend his unconſcious ſpirit down to earth,
Or chaſe calm ſlumbers from his careleſs head!
Ah! what to me can thoſe dear days reſtore,
When ſcenes could charm, that now I taſte no more!

SONNET XXXII.

TO MELANCHOLY.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE ARUN, OCTOBER 1785.

WHEN lateſt Autumn ſpreads her evening veil
And the grey miſts from theſe dim waves ariſe,
I love to liſten to the hollow ſighs,
Thro' the half leafleſs wood that breathes the gale.
For at ſuch hours the ſhadowy phantom, pale,
Oft ſeems to fleet before the poet's eyes;
Strange ſounds are heard, and mournful melodies,
As of night-wanderers, who their woes bewail!
Here, by his native ſtream, at ſuch an hour,
Pity's own Otway, I methinks could meet,
And hear his deep ſighs ſwell the ſadden'd wind!
Oh Melancholy!—ſuch thy magic power,
That to the ſoul theſe dreams are often ſweet,
And ſoothe the penſive viſionary mind!

SONNET XXXIII.

TO THE NAIAD OF THE ARUN.

GO! rural Naiad; wind thy ſtream along
Thro' woods and wilds: then ſeek the ocean caves
Where ſea nymphs meet, their coral rocks among,
To boaſt the various honors of their waves!
'Tis but a little, o'er thy ſhallow tide,
That toiling trade her burden'd veſſel leads;
But laurels grow luxuriant on thy ſide,
And letters live, along thy claſſic meads.
Lo! where 'mid Britiſh bards thy natives ſhine!
And now another poet helps to raiſe
Thy glory high——the poet of the MINE!
Whoſe brilliant talents are his ſmalleſt praiſe:
And who, to all that genius can impart,
Adds the cool head, and the unblemiſh'd heart!

SONNET XXXIV.

TO A FRIEND.

CHARM'D by thy ſuffrage, ſhall I yet aſpire,
(All inauſpicious as my fate appears,
By troubles darken'd, that increaſe with years,)
To guide the crayon, or to touch the lyre?
Ah me!——the ſiſter Muſes ſtill require
A ſpirit free from all intruſive fears,
Nor will they deign to wipe away the tears
Of vain regret, that dim their ſacred fire.
But when thy envy'd ſanction crowns my lays,
A ray of pleaſure lights my languid mind,
For well I know the value of thy praiſe;
And to how few, the flattering meed confin'd,
That thou,—their highly favour'd brows to bind,
Wilt weave green myrtle, and unfading bays!

SONNET XXXV.

TO FORTITUDE.

NYMPH of the rock! whoſe dauntleſs ſpirit braves
The beating ſtorm, and bitter winds that howl
Round thy cold breaſt; and hear'ſt the burſting waves,
And the deep thunder with unſhaken ſoul;
Oh come!—and ſhew how vain the cares that preſs
On my weak boſom—and how little worth
Is the falſe fleeting meteor, Happineſs,
That ſtill miſleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart ſhall ceaſe to melt
O'er ills that poor humanity muſt bear;
Nor friends eſtrang'd, or ties diſſolv'd be felt
To leave regret, and fruitleſs anguiſh there:
And when at length it heaves its lateſt ſigh,
Thou and mild hope, ſhall teach me how to die!

SONNET XXXVI.

SHOULD the lone Wanderer, fainting on his way,
Reſt for a moment of the ſultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughneſs lay,
Pluck the wild roſe, or woodbine's gadding flowers;
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath ſome ſheltering tree,
The ſenſe of ſorrow he awhile may loſe;
So have I ſought thy flowers, fair Poeſy!
So charm'd my way, with Friendſhip and the Muſe.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark, with new clouds of evil, yet to come,
Her pencil ſickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wiſhes to that tranquil ſhore,
Where the pale ſpectre Care, purſues no more.

Corbould del. Neagle sculp.

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Her pencil sickening fancy throws away
And weary hope reclines upon the tomb.

BRITISH MUSEUM
7 JAN 93

SONNET XXXVII.

SENT TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. O'NIEL, WITH PAINTED FLOWERS.

THE poet's fancy takes from Flora's realm
Her buds and leaves to dreſs fictitious powers,
With the green olive ſhades Minerva's helm,
And gives to Beauty's Queen, the Queen of flowers.
But what gay bloſſoms of luxuriant Spring,
With roſe, mimoſa, amaranth entwin'd,
Shall fabled Sylphs, and fairy people bring,
As a juſt emblem of the lovely mind?
In vain the mimic pencil tries to blend
The glowing dyes that dreſs the flowery race,
Scented and colour'd by an hand divine!
Ah! not leſs vainly would the Muſe pretend
On her weak lyre, to ſing the native grace
And native goodneſs of a ſoul like thine!

SONNET XXXVIII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF EMMELINE.

WHEN welcome ſlumber ſets my ſpirit free,
Forth to fictitious happineſs it flies,
And where Elyſian bowers of bliſs ariſe
I ſeem, my Emmeline—to meet with thee!
Ah! Fancy then, diſſolving human ties,
Gives me the wiſhes of my ſoul to ſee;
Tears of fond pity fill thy ſoften'd eyes;
In heavenly harmony—our hearts agree.
Alas! theſe joys are mine in dreams alone,
When cruel Reaſon abdicates her throne!
Her harſh return condemns me to complain
Thro' life unpitied, unreliev'd, unknown.
And as the dear deluſions leave my brain,
She bids the truth recur—with aggravated pain.

SONNET XXXIX.

TO NIGHT.

FROM THE SAME.

I LOVE thee, mournful ſober-ſuited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the reſtleſs main.
In deep depreſſion ſunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the emboſom'd grief, however vain,
To ſullen ſurges and the viewleſs wind.
Tho' no repoſe on thy dark breaſt I find,
I ſtill enjoy thee—cheerleſs as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, the exhauſted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeleſs, yet reſign'd.
While, to the winds and waves its ſorrows given,
May reach—tho' loſt on earth—the ear of Heaven!

SONNET XL.

FROM THE SAME.

FAR on the ſands, the low, retiring tide,
In diſtant murmurs hardly ſeems to flow,
And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
The ſighing ſummer wind, forgets to blow.
As ſinks the day-ſtar in the roſy Weſt,
The ſilent wave, with rich reflection glows:
Alas! can tranquil nature give *me* reſt,
Or ſcenes of beauty, ſoothe me to repoſe?
Can the ſoft luſtre of the ſleeping main,
Yon radiant heaven, or all creation's charms,
"Eraſe the written troubles of the brain,"
Which Memory tortures, and which guilt alarms?
Or bid a boſom tranſient quiet prove,
That bleeds with vain remorſe, and unextinguiſh'd love!

SONNET XLI.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

IN this tumultuous ſphere, for thee unfit,
How ſeldom art thou found——Tranquillity!
Unleſs 'tis when with mild and downcaſt eye
By the low cradles, thou delight'ſt to ſit,
Of ſleeping infants——watching the ſoft breath,
And bidding the ſweet ſlumberers eaſy lie;
Or ſometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid ſufferer——hopes to die.
Oh! beauteous ſiſter of the halcyon peace!
I ſure ſhall find thee in that heavenly ſcene
Where care and anguiſh ſhall their power reſign;
Where hope alike, and vain regret ſhall ceaſe;
And Memory—loſt in happineſs ſerene,
Repeat no more—that miſery has been mine!

SONNET XLII.

COMPOSED DURING A WALK ON THE DOWNS, IN NOVEMBER 1787.

THE dark and pillowy cloud; the ſallow trees,
Seem o'er the ruins of the year to mourn;
And cold and hollow, the inconſtant breeze
Sobs thro' the falling leaves and wither'd fern.
O'er the tall brow of yonder chalky bourn,
The evening ſhades their gather'd darkneſs fling,
While by the lingering light, I ſcarce diſcern
The ſhrieking night-jar, ſail on heavy wing.
Ah! yet a little——and propitious Spring
Crown'd with freſh flowers, ſhall wake the woodland ſtrain;
But no gay change revolving ſeaſons bring,
To call forth pleaſure from the ſoul of pain,
Bid Syren Hope reſume her long loſt part,
And chace the vulture Care—that feeds upon the heart.

SONNET XLIII.

THE unhappy exile, whom his fates confine
To the bleak coaſt of ſome unfriendly iſle,
Cold, barren, deſart, where no harveſts ſmile,
But thirſt and hunger on the rocks repine;
When, from ſome promontory's fearful brow,
Sun after ſun he hopeleſs ſees decline
In the broad ſhipleſs ſea——perhaps may know
Such heartleſs pain, ſuch blank deſpair as mine;
And, if a flattering cloud appears to ſhow
The fancied ſemblance of a diſtant ſail,
Then melts away——anew his ſpirits fail,
While the loſt hope but aggravates his woe!
Ah! ſo for me deluſive Fancy toils,
Then, from contraſted truth—my feeble ſoul recoils.

SONNET XLIV.

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH YARD AT MIDDLETON IN SUSSEX.

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitreſs of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The ſea no more its ſwelling ſurge confines,
But o'er the ſhrinking land ſublimely rides.
The wild blaſt, riſing from the Weſtern cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their graſſy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the ſilent ſabbath of the grave!
With ſhells and ſea-weed mingled, on the ſhore
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd—by life's long ſtorm oppreſt,
To gaze with envy, on their gloomy reſt.

SONNET XLV.

ON LEAVING A PART OF SUSSEX.

FAREWEL, Aruna!—on whoſe varied ſhore
My early vows were paid to Nature's ſhrine,
When thoughtleſs joy, and infant hope were mine,
And whoſe lorn ſtream has heard me ſince deplore
Too many ſorrows! Sighing I reſign
Thy ſolitary beauties—and no more
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline,
Or on the heath, by moon-light lingering, pore
On air-drawn phantoms—While in Fancy's ear
As in the evening wind thy murmurs ſwell,
The Enthuſiaſt of the Lyre, who wander'd here, [11]
Seems yet to ſtrike his viſionary ſhell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tendereſt tear,
Or wake wild frenzy——from her hideous cell!

SONNET XLVI.

WRITTEN AT PENSHURST, IN AUTUMN 1788.

YE Towers ſublime, deſerted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep ſighing to the hollow blaſt,
The muſing wanderer loves to linger near,
While Hiſtory points to all your glories paſt:
And ſtartling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obſcur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's ſoothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the diſcordant heron! [8]
The ſpoiling hand of Time may overturn
Theſe lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sachariſſa's grace;
But fame and beauty ſtill defy decay,
Sav'd by the hiſtoric page——the poet's tender lay!

SONNET XLVII.

TO FANCY.

THEE, Queen of Shadows!—ſhall I ſtill invoke,
Still love the ſcenes thy ſportive pencil drew,
When on mine eyes the early radiance broke
Which ſhew'd the beauteous, rather than the true!
Alas! long ſince, thoſe glowing tints are dead,
And now 'tis thine in darkeſt hues to dreſs
The ſpot where pale experience hangs her head
O'er the ſad grave of murder'd Happineſs!
Thro' thy falſe medium then, no longer view'd,
May fancy'd pain and fancy'd pleaſure fly,
And I, as from me all thy dreams depart,
Be to my wayward deſtiny ſubdu'd;
Nor ſeek perfection with a poet's eye,
Nor ſuffer anguiſh with a poet's heart!

SONNET XLVIII.

TO MRS. ****

No more my wearied ſoul attempts to ſtray
From ſad reality and vain regret,
Nor courts enchanting fiction to allay
Sorrows that ſenſe refuſes to forget:
For of calamity ſo long the prey,
Imagination now has loſt her powers,
Nor will her fairy loom again eſſay
To dreſs affliction in a robe of flowers.
But if no more the bowers of Fancy bloom,
Let one ſuperior ſcene attract my view,
Where heaven's pure rays the ſacred ſpot illume,
Let *thy* lov'd hand with palm and amaranth ſtrew
The mournful path approaching to the tomb,
While Faith's conſoling voice endears the friendly gloom.

SONNET XLIX.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD, OVER THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG WOMAN OF NINETEEN.

OH! thou; who ſleep'ſt where hazle bands entwine
The vernal graſs, with paler violets dreſt;
I would, ſweet Maid!—thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable reſt.
For never more by human ills oppreſt,
Shall thy ſoft ſpirit fruitleſsly repine:
Thou canſt not now, thy fondeſt hopes reſign
Even in the hour that ſhould have made thee bleſt.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breaſt;
And lingering here, to love and ſorrow true,
The youth who once thy ſimple heart poſſeſt
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew;
While ſtill for him ſhall faithful Memory ſave
Thy form and virtues from the ſilent grave.

SONNET L.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

FAREWEL, ye lawns!—by fond remembrance bleſt,
As witneſſes of gay unclouded hours;
Where, to maternal friendſhip's boſom preſt,
My happy childhood paſt amid your bowers.
Ye wood-walks wild!—where leaves and fairy flowers
By Spring's luxuriant hand are ſtrewn anew;
Rocks!—whence with ſhadowy grace rude nature lours
O'er glens and haunted ſtreams!——a long adieu!
And you!—oh promis'd happineſs!—whoſe voice
Deluded Fancy heard in every grove,
Bidding this tender, truſting heart rejoice
In the bright proſpect of unfailing love:
Tho' loſt to me—ſtill may thy ſmile ſerene
Bleſs the dear lord—of this regretted ſcene.

SONNET LI.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE HEBRIDES.

ON this lone iſland, whoſe unfruitful breaſt
Feeds but the ſummer-ſhepherd's little flock
With ſcanty herbage from the half-cloth'd rock
Where oſprays, cormorants, and ſea-mews reſt;
Even in a ſcene ſo deſolate and rude
I could with *thee* for months and years be bleſt;
And, of thy tenderneſs and love poſſeſt,
Find all *my* world in this wild ſolitude!
When Summer ſuns theſe northern ſeas illume,
With thee admire the light's reflected charms,
And when drear Winter ſpreads his cheerleſs gloom,
Still find Elyſium in thy ſhelt'ring arms:
For thou to me canſt ſov'reign bliſs impart,
Thy mind my empire—and my throne thy heart.

SONNET LII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

THE PILGRIM.

FAULT'RING and ſad, the unhappy Pilgrim roves,
Who, on the eve of bleak December's night,
Divided far from all he fondly loves,
Journeys alone, along the giddy height
Of theſe ſteep cliffs, and as the ſun's laſt ray
Fades in the weſt, ſees, from the rocky verge,
Dark tempeſt ſcowling o'er the ſhorten'd day,
And hears, with ear appal'd, the impetuous ſurge
Beneath him thunder!——So, with heart oppreſs'd,
Alone, reluctant, deſolate, and ſlow,
By Friendſhip's cheering radiance *now* unbleſt,
Along Life's rudeſt path I ſeem to go;
Nor ſee where yet the anxious heart may reſt,
That trembling at the paſt—recoils from future woe.

SONNET LIII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

THE LAPLANDER.

THE ſhivering native, who by Tenglio's ſide
Beholds with fond regret the parting light
Sink far away, beneath the dark'ning tide,
And leave him to long months of dreary night;
Yet knows, that ſpringing from the eaſtern wave
The ſun's glad beams ſhall re-illume his way,
And from the ſnows ſecur'd—within his cave
He waits in patient hope—returning day.
Not ſo the ſufferer feels, who, o'er the waſte
Of joyleſs life, is deſtin'd to deplore
Fond love forgotten, tender friendſhip paſt,
Which, once extinguiſh'd, can revive no more!
O'er the blank void he looks with hopeleſs pain;
For him thoſe beams of heaven ſhall never ſhine again.

SONNET CLIV.

THE SLEEPING WOODMAN.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1790.

YE copſes wild, where April bids ariſe
The vernal graſſes, and the early flowers;
My ſoul depreſs'd—from human converſe flies
To the lone ſhelter of your pathleſs bowers.

Lo!—where the Woodman, with his toil oppreſs'd,
His careleſs head, on bark and moſs reclin'd,
Lull'd by the ſong of birds, the murmuring wind,
Has ſunk to calm tho' momentary reſt.

Ah! would 'twere mine in Spring's green lap to find
Such tranſient reſpite from the ills I bear!
Would I could taſte, like this unthinking hind,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care,
'Till the laſt ſleep theſe weary eyes ſhall cloſe,
And Death receive me to his long repoſe.

SONNET LV.

THE RETURN OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WRITTEN IN MAY 1791.

BORNE on the warm wing of the weſtern gale,
How tremulouſly low is heard to float
Thro' the green budding thorns that fringe the vale,
The early Nightingale's preluſive note.

'Tis Hope's inſtinctive power that thro' the grove
Tells, how benignant Heaven revives the earth;
'Tis the ſoft voice of young and timid love
That calls theſe melting ſounds of ſweetneſs forth.

With tranſport, once, ſweet bird! I hail'd thy lay,
And bade thee welcome to our ſhades again,
To charm the wandering poet's penſive way
And ſoothe the ſolitary lover's pain;
But now!——ſuch evils in my lot combine,
As ſhut my languid ſenſe—to Hope's dear voice and thine!

SONNET LVI.

THE CAPTIVE ESCAPED IN THE WILDS of AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. O'NEIL.

IF, by his torturing, ſavage foes untrac'd,
The breathleſs Captive gain ſome trackleſs glade,
Yet hears the war-whoop howl along the waſte,
And dreads the reptile-monſters of the ſhade;
The giant reeds, that murmur round the flood,
Seem to conceal ſome hideous form beneath;
And every hollow blaſt that ſhakes the wood,
Speaks to his trembling heart, of woe and death.
With horror fraught, and deſolate diſmay,
On ſuch a wanderer falls the ſtarleſs night;
But if, far ſtreaming, a propitious ray
Leads to ſome amicable fort his ſight;
He hails the beam benign that guides his way,
As I, my Harriet, bleſs thy friendſhip's cheering light.

SONNET LVII.

TO DEPENDENCE.

DEPENDENCE! heavy heavy are thy chains,
And happier they, who from the dangerous ſea
Or the dark mine, procure with ceaſeleſs pains
An hard-earn'd pittance——than who truſt to thee!
More bleſt the hind, who from his bed of flock
Starts!—when the birds of morn, their ſummons give,
And waken'd by the lark—"the ſhepherd's clock"
Lives but to labour—labouring but to live.
More noble than the ſycophant, whoſe art,
Muſt heap with taudry flowers thy hated ſhrine;
I envy not the meed thou canſt impart
To crown *his* ſervice——while, tho' Pride combine
With fraud to cruſh me——my unfetter'd heart
Still to the Mountain Nymph may offer mine.

SONNET LVIII.

THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN, on ſome balmy-breathing night of Spring
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Purſues the evening moth, of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell beats the ſparkling dew;
He ſees, before his inexperienc'd eyes,
The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, ſhine
On the turf bank;—amaz'd and pleas'd he cries
" Star of the dewy graſs!—I make thee mine!"— [8]
Then, ere he ſleep, collects " the moiſten'd" flower, [9]
And bids ſoft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower:
Yet with the morning, ſhudders to behold
His lucid treaſure, rayleſs as the duſt;
—So turn the World's bright joys, to cold and blank diſguſt.

SONNET LIX.

WRITTEN SEPT. 1791, DURING A REMARKABLE THUNDER STORM, IN WHICH THE MOON WAS PERFECTLY CLEAR, WHILE THE TEMPEST GATHERED IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS NEAR THE EARTH.

WHAT awful pageants crowd the evening ſky!
The low horizon gathering vapours ſhroud,
Sudden, from many a deep embattled cloud
Terrific thunders burſt and lightenings fly—
While in ſereneſt azure, beaming high,
Night's regent—of her calm pavilion proud,
Gilds the dark ſhadows that beneath her lie,
Unvex'd by all their conflicts fierce and loud—
——So, in unſullied dignity elate,
A ſpirit conſcious of ſuperior worth,
In placid elevation firmly great,
Scorns the vain cares that give contention birth;
And bleſt with peace above the ſhocks of Fate,
Smiles at the tumult of the troubled Earth.

ODE TO DESPAIR.

FROM THE NOVEL OF EMMELINE.

THOU ſpectre of terrific mien,
Lord of the hopeleſs heart and hollow eye,
In whoſe fierce train each form is ſeen
That drives ſick Reaſon to inſanity!
I woo thee with unuſual prayer,
" Grim viſag'd, comfortleſs Deſpair:"
Approach; in me a willing victim find,
Who ſeeks thine iron ſway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my ſight
The faithleſs flatterer Hope—whoſe pencil, gay,
Portrays ſome viſion of delight,
Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
While in dire contraſt, to mine eyes,
Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, riſe,

And Memory draws, from Pleaſure's wither'd flower,
Corroſives for the heart—of fatal power!

I bid the traitor Love, adieu!
Who to this fond, believing boſom came,
A gueſt inſidious and untrue,
With Pity's ſoothing voice—in friendſhip's name;
The wounds *he* gave, nor time ſhall cure,
Nor Reaſon teach me to endure.
And to that breaſt mild Patience pleads in vain,
Which feels the curſe—of meriting it's pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous power!
Thy worſt of ſpirit-wounding pangs impart,
With which, in dark conviction's hour,
Thou ſtrik'ſt the guilty unrepentant heart!
But of illuſion long the ſport,
That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
Where my paſt errors I may ſtill deplore,
And dream of long-loſt happineſs no more!

To thee I give this tortur'd breaſt,
Where Hope ariſes but to foſter pain;
Ah! lull it's agonies to reſt!
Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!
But callous, in thy deep repoſe
Behold, in long array, the woes
Of the dread future, calm and undiſmay'd,
Till I may claim the Hope—that ſhall not fade!

ELEGY.

'DARK gathering clouds involve the threatening
'skies,
'The sea heaves conscious of the impending gloom,
'Deep, hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come!

'Oh! may such terrors mark the approaching night
'As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore!
'Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters roar!

'Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burst!
'Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot accurst,
"Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!"

Thus with claſp'd hands, wild looks, and ſtreaming hair,
While ſhrieks of horror broke her trembling ſpeech,
A wretched maid—the victim of deſpair,
Survey'd the threatening ſtorm and deſart beech:

Then to the tomb where now the father ſlept
Whoſe rugged nature bade her ſorrows flow,
Frantic ſhe turn'd—and beat her breaſt and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the duſt below.

'Lo! riſing there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd ſtones *his* name and wealth relate,
'Who gave his ſon—remorſeleſs—to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curſe my fate.

'Oh! my loſt love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to ſtrangers eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou haſt no grave, but in the ſtormy ſea,
'And no memorial but this breaking heart.

'Forth to the world, a widow'd wanderer driven,
'I pour to winds and waves the unheeded tear,
'Try with vain effort to ſubmit to heaven,
'And fruitleſs call on him—" who cannot hear."

'Oh! might I fondly claſp him once again,
'While o'er my head the infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!

'Part, raging waters part, and ſhew beneath,
'In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
'Now, while the demons of deſpair and death
'Ride on the blaſt, and urge the howling ſtorm!

'Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
'I ſee him riſe the whitening waves above,
'No longer ſuch as when in happier days
'He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love.

'Such, as when daring the enchafed ſea,
'And courting dangerous toil, he often ſaid,
'That every peril, one ſoft ſmile from me,
'One ſigh of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs o'erpaid.

'But dead, disfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
'And ſeem to ſay——Ah! wretch, delay no more,
'But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.

'Yet, powerful fancy, bid the phantom ſtay,
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already paſt;
'Along the waves his ſhadow glides away,
'I loſe his voice amid the deafening blaſt.

'Ah! wild illuſion, born of frantic pain!
'He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
'My tears, my anguiſh, my deſpair are vain,
'The inſatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

'Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll;
Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
Approach, ye horrors that delight my ſoul,
Deſpair, and Death, and Deſolation, hail!'

The ocean hears——The embodied waters come—
Riſe o'er the land, and with reſiſtleſs ſweep
Tear from its baſe the proud aggreſſor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal ſleep!

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL BERNIS.

I.

FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair roſe,
On whoſe ſoft leaves fond Zephyrs play,
Oh! queen of flowers, thy buds diſcloſe,
And give thy fragrance to the day;
Unveil thy tranſient charms:——ah, no!
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the ſame hour that bids thee blow,
Shall ſee thee droop thy languid head.

II.

But go! and on Themira's breaſt
Find, happy flower, thy throne and tomb;
While, jealous of a fate ſo bleſt,
How ſhall I envy thee thy doom!

Should ſome rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the ſweet ſhrine thou wilt adorn;
Ah! puniſh thoſe who raſhly dare,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

III.

Love ſhall himſelf thy boughs compoſe,
And bid thy wanton leaves divide;
He'll ſhew thee how, my lovely roſe,
To deck her boſom, not to hide:
And thou ſhalt tell the cruel maid
How frail are youth and beauty's charms,
And teach her ere her own ſhall fade,
To give them to her lover's arms.

THE

ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

WHEN Jove, in anger to the ſons of earth,
Bid artful Vulcan give Pandora birth,
And ſent the fatal gift, which ſpread below
O'er all the wretched race contagious woe,
Unhappy man, by vice and folly toſt,
Found in the ſtorms of life his quiet loſt,
While Envy, Avarice, and Ambition, hurl'd
Diſcord and death around the warring world;
Then the bleſt peaſant left his fields and fold,
And barter'd love and peace, for power and gold;
Left his calm cottage, and his native plain,
In ſearch of wealth to tempt the faithleſs main;
Or, braving danger, in the battle ſtood,
And bath'd his ſavage hands in human blood;

No longer then, his woodland walks among,
The ſhepherd lad his genuine paſſion ſung,
Or ſought at early morn his ſoul's delight,
Or grav'd her name upon the bark at night;
To deck her flowing hair no more he wove
The ſimple wreath, or with ambitious love
Bound his own brow with myrtle or with bay,
But broke his pipe, and threw his crook away.
The nymphs forſaken, other pleaſures ſought;
Then firſt for gold their venal hearts were bought,
And nature's bluſh to fickly art gave place,
And affectation ſeiz'd the ſeat of grace:
No more ſimplicity by ſenſe refin'd,
Or generous ſentiment, poſſeſs'd the mind;
No more they felt each other's joy and woe,
And Cupid fled, and hid his uſeleſs bow.
But with deep grief propitious Venus pin'd,
To ſee the ills which threaten'd womankind;
Ills, that ſhe knew her empire would diſarm,
And rob her ſubjects of their ſweeteſt charm;

Good humour's potent influence deſtroy,
And change for low'ring frowns, the ſmile of joy,
Then deeply ſighing at the mournful view,
She try'd at length what heavenly art could do
To bring back pleaſure to her penſive train,
And vindicate the glories of her reign.
A thouſand little loves attend the taſk,
And bear from Mars's head his radiant caſque,
The fair enchantreſs on its ſilver bound,
Weav'd with ſoft ſpells her magic ceſtus round,
Then ſhaking from her hair embroſial dew,
Infus'd fair hope, and expectation new,
And ſtifled wiſhes, and perſuaſive ſighs,
And fond belief, and 'eloquence of eyes,'
And falt'ring accents, which explain ſo well
What ſtudied ſpeeches vainly try to tell;
And more pathetic ſilence, which imparts
Infectious tenderneſs to feeling hearts;
Soft tones of pity; faſcinating ſmiles;
And Maia's ſon aſſiſted her with wiles,

And brought gay dreams, fantaſtic viſions brought,
And wav'd his wand o'er the ſeducing draught.
Then Zephyr came: To him the goddeſs cry'd,
'Go fetch from Flora all her flow'ry pride
'To fill my charm, each ſcented bud that blows,
'And bind my myrtles with her thornleſs roſe;
'Then ſpeed thy flight to Gallia's ſmiling plain,
'Where rolls the Loire, the Garonne, and the Seine;
'Dip in their waters thy celeſtial wing,
'And the ſoft dew to fill my chalice bring;
'But chiefly tell thy Flora, that to me
'She ſend a bouquet of her fleurs de lys;
'That poignant ſpirit will complete my ſpell.'
——'Tis done: the lovely ſorcereſs ſays 'tis well.
And now Apollo lends a ray of fire,
The cauldron bubbles, and the flames aſpire;
The watchful Graces round the circle dance,
With arms entwin'd, to mark the work's advance;
And with full quiver ſportive Cupid came,
Temp'ring his favourite arrows in the flame.

Then Venus ſpeaks, the wavering flames retire,
And Zephyr's breath extinguiſhes the fire.
At length the goddeſs in the helmet's round
A ſweet and ſubtil ſpirit duly found,
More ſoft than oil, than æther more refin'd,
Of power to cure the woes of womankind,
And call'd it Flattery:——balm of female life,
It charms alike the widow, maid, and wife;
Clears the ſad brow of virgins in deſpair,
And ſmooths the cruel traces left by care;
Bids palſy'd age with youthful ſpirit glow,
And hangs May's garlands on December's ſnow.
Delicious eſſence! howſoe'er apply'd,
By what rude nature is thy charm deny'd?
Some form ſeducing ſtill thy whiſper wears,
Stern Wiſdom turns to thee her willing ears,
And Prudery liſtens, and forgets her fears.
The ruſtic nymph, whom rigid aunts reſtrain,
Condemn'd to dreſs, and practiſe airs in vain,

At thy firſt ſummons finds her boſom ſwell,
And bids her crabbed gouvernantes farewell;
While, fir'd by thee with ſpirit not her own,
She grows a toaſt, and riſes into *ton*.
The faded beauty, who with ſecret pain,
Sees younger charms uſurp her envied reign,
By thee aſſiſted, can with ſmiles behold
The record where her conqueſts are enroll'd;
And dwelling yet on ſcenes by memory nurs'd,
When George the Second reign'd, or George the Firſt;
She ſees the ſhades of ancient beaux ariſe,
Who ſwear her eyes exceeded modern eyes,
When poets ſung for her and lovers bled,
And giddy faſhion follow'd as ſhe led.
Departed modes appear in long array,
The flowers and flounces of her happier day,
Again her locks the decent fillets bind,
The waving lappet flutters in the wind,
And then comparing with a proud diſdain
The more fantaſtic taſtes that now obtain,

She deems ungraceful, trifling and abſurd,
The gayer world that moves round George the Third.
Nor thy ſoft influence will the train refuſe,
Who court in diſtant ſhades the modeſt Muſe,
Tho' in a form more pure and more refin'd,
Thy ſoothing ſpirit meets the letter'd mind.
Not death itſelf thine empire can deſtroy;
Tow'rds thee, even then, we turn the languid eye;
Still truſt in thee to bid our memory bloom,
And ſcatter roſes round the ſilent tomb.

THE

PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

WHERE cliffs ariſe by Winter crown'd,
And through dark groves of pine around,
Down the deep chaſms, the ſnow-fed torrents foam,
Within ſome hollow, ſhelter'd from the ſtorms,
The PEASANT of the ALPS his cottage forms,
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain,
Waves its wide harveſts and its olive groves;
More dear to him his hut, with plantain thatch'd,
Where long his unambitious heart attach'd,
Finds all he wiſhes, all he loves.

There dwells the miſtreſs of his heart,
And *love* who teaches every art,
Has bid him dreſs the ſpot with fondeſt care;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile ſoil,
He climbs the precipice with patient toil,
To plant her favorite flow'rets there.

With native ſhrubs, an hardy race,
There the green myrtle finds a place,
And roſes there, the dewy leaves decline;
While from the craggs abrupt and tangled ſteeps,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine berry peeps,
And, bluſhing, mingles with the vine.

His garden's ſimple produce ſtor'd,
Prepar'd for him by hands ador'd,
Is all the little luxury he knows:
And by the ſame dear hands are ſoftly ſpread,
The Chamois' velvet ſpoil that forms the bed,
Where in her arms he finds repoſe.

But abſent from the calm abode,
Dark thunder gathers round his road,
Wild raves the wind, the arrowy lightnings flaſh,
Returning quick the murmuring rocks among,
His faint heart trembling as he winds along;
Alarm'd!—he liſtens to the craſh

Of rifted ice!—Oh, man of woe!
O'er his dear cot—a maſs of ſnow,
By the ſtorm ſever'd from the cliff above,
Has fallen——and buried in its marble breaſt,
All that for him—loſt wretch—the world poſſeſt,
His home, his happineſs, his love!

Aghaſt the heart-ſtruck mourner ſtands,
Glaz'd are his eyes—convuls'd his hands,
O'erwhelming anguiſh checks his labouring breath;
Cruſh'd by deſpair's intolerable weight,
Frantic he ſeeks the mountain's giddieſt height,
And headlong ſeeks relief in death.

A fate too ſimilar is mine,
But I—in lingering pain repine,
And ſtill my loſt felicity deplore;
Cold, cold to me is that dear breaſt become,
Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home,
And love and happineſs are mine no more.

SONG.

DOES Pity give, tho' Fate denies,
And to my wounds her balm impart?
O ſpeak!—with thoſe expreſſive eyes;
Let one low ſigh eſcape thine heart.

The gazing croud ſhall never gueſs
What anxious, watchful Love can ſee;
Nor know what thoſe ſoft looks expreſs,
Nor dream that ſigh is meant for me.

Ah! words are uſeleſs, words are vain,
Thy generous ſympathy to prove;
And well, that ſigh, thoſe looks explain
That Clara mourns my hapleſs love.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

ADDRESS'D TO MRS. H——Y.

IN early youth's unclouded ſcene,
The brilliant morning of eighteen,
With health and ſprightly joy elate
We gaz'd on life's enchanting ſpring,
Nor thought how quickly time would bring
The mournful period——Thirty-eight.

Then the ſtarch maid, or matron ſage,
Already of that ſober age,
We view'd with mingled ſcorn and hate;
In whoſe ſharp words, or ſharper face,
With thoughtleſs mirth we lov'd to trace
The ſad effects of——Thirty-eight.

Till ſaddening, ſickening at the view,
We learn'd to dread what time might do;
And then preferr'd a prayer to Fate
To end our days ere that arriv'd;
When (pow'r and pleaſure long ſurviv'd)
We met neglect and——Thirty-eight.

But Time, in ſpite of wiſhes flies,
And Fate our ſimple prayer denies,
And bids us death's own hour await:
The auburn locks are mix'd with grey,
The tranſient roſes fade away,
But Reaſon comes at——Thirty-eight.

Her voice the anguiſh contradicts
That dying vanity inflicts;
Her hand new pleaſures can create,
For us ſhe opens to the view
Proſpects leſs bright,—but far more true,
And bids us ſmile at——Thirty-eight.

No more ſhall *Scandal*'s breath deſtroy
The ſocial converſe we enjoy
With bard or critic tête a tête;—
O'er Youth's bright blooms her blights ſhall pour,
But ſpare the improving friendly hour
That Science gives to——Thirty-eight.

Stripp'd of their gaudy hues by truth,
We view the glitt'ring toys of youth,
And bluſh to think how poor the bait
For which to public ſcenes we ran
And ſcorn'd of ſober ſenſe the plan
Which gives content at——Thirty-eight.

Tho' Time's inexorable ſway
Has torn the myrtle bands away,
For other wreaths 'tis not too late,
The amaranth's purple glow ſurvives,
And ſtill Minerva's olive lives
On the calm brow of——Thirty-eight.

With eye more ſteady we engage
To contemplate approaching age,
And life more juſtly eſtimate;
  With firmer ſouls, and ſtronger powers,
  With reaſon, faith, and friendſhip ours,
We'll not regret the ſtealing hours
That lead from Thirty——even to Forty-eight.

VERSES

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PREFIXED TO THE NOVEL OF EMMELINE, BUT THEN SUPPRESSED.

O'ERWHELM'D with ſorrow, and ſuſtaining long
"The proud man's contumely, th' oppreſſor's wrong,"
Languid deſpondency and vain regret,
Muſt my exhauſted ſpirit ſtruggle yet?
Yes!—Robb'd myſelf, of all that fortune gave,
Even of all Hope,—but ſhelter in the grave,
Still ſhall the plaintive lyre eſſay its powers
To dreſs the Cave of Care, with Fancy's flowers,
Maternal Love, the fiend Deſpair withſtand,
Still animate the heart and guide the hand.
—May you, dear objects of my anxious care,
Eſcape the evils—I was born to bear!
Round *my* devoted head, while tempeſts roll,
Yet there, where I have treaſur'd up my ſoul,

May the ſoft rays of dawning hope impart
Reviving Patience to my fainting heart;—
And, when its ſharp ſolicitudes ſhall ceaſe,
May I be conſcious in the realms of peace
That every tear which ſwells my children's eyes,
From ſorrows paſt, not preſent ills ariſe.
Then, with ſome friend who loves to ſhare your pain,
For 'tis my boaſt that *ſome* ſuch friends remain,
By filial grief, and fond remembrance preſt,
You'll ſeek the ſpot where all my ſorrows reſt;
Recall my hapleſs days in ſad review,
The long calamities I bore for you,
And—with an happier fate—reſolve to prove
How well you merited—your mother's love.

QUOTATIONS, NOTES, and EXPLANATIONS.

SONNET I.

Line 13.

Ah! then, how dear the Muſe's favours coſt,
If thoſe paint ſorrow beſt—who feel it moſt!

The well-ſung woes ſhall ſoothe my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint them, who ſhall feel them moſt.

Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard, 366th line.

SONNET II.

Line 3.

Anemonies, that ſpangled every grove.

Anemony Nemeroſo. The wood Anemony.

SONNET III.

Line 1.

The idea from the 43d Sonnet of Petrarch. Secondo parte.

Quel roſigniuol, che ſi ſoave piagne.

SONNET V.

Line 2.

Your turf, your flowers among.

Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhades, whoſe flowers among.

Gray.

Line 9.

Aruna!

The river Arun.

SONNET VI.

Line 12.

'For me the vernal garland blooms no more.'

Pope's Imit. 1ſt Ode 4th Book of Horace.

Line 13.

'Miſery's love.'

Shakeſpeare's King John.

SONNET VII.

Line 4.

'On the night's dull ear.'

Shakeſpeare.

Line 5.

Whether on Spring—Alludes to the ſuppoſed migration of the Nightingale.

Line 7.

The penſive Muſe ſhall own thee for his mate.

Whether the Muſe or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

Milton's Firſt Sonnet.

SONNET VIII.

Line 14.

Have power to cure all ſadneſs—but deſpair!

To the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair.

Paradiſe Loſt, Fourth Book.

SONNET IX.

Line 10.

And laugh at tears themſelves have forc'd to flow.

And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow.

Gray.

SONNET XI.

Line 4.

Float in light viſion round my aching head.

Float in light viſion round the poet's head.

Maſon.

Line 7.

And the poor ſea boy, in the rudeſt hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhip boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude impetuous ſurge? &c.

Shakeſpeare's Henry IV.

SONNET XII.

Line 8.

And ſuits the mournful temper of my ſoul.

Young.

SONNET XIII.

Line 1.

Pommi ove'l Sol, occide i fiori e l'erba.

Petrarch, Sonnetto 112. *Parte primo.*

SONNET XIV.

Line 1.

Erano i capei d'oro all aura ſparſi.

Sonnetto 69. *Parte primo.*

SONNET XV.

Line 1.

Se lamentar augelli o verdi fronde.

Sonnetto 21. *Parte ſecondo.*

SONNET XVI.

Line 1.

Valle che de lamenti miei ſe piena.

Sonnetto 33. *Parte ſecondo.*

SONNET XVII.

Line 1.

Scrivo in te l'amato nome
Di colei, per cui, mi moro.

This

This is not meant as a tranſlation; the original is much longer, and full of images, which could not be introduced in a Sonnet.—And ſome of them, though very beautiful in the Italian, would not appear to advantage in an Engliſh dreſs.

SONNET XXI.

Line 5.

'Poor Maniac.'

See the Story of the Lunatic.

'Is this the deſtiny of man? Is he only happy before he poſſeſſes his reaſon, or after he has loſt it?—Full of hope you go to gather flowers in Winter, and are grieved not to find any—and do not know why they cannot be found.'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

Line 8.

'And drink delicious poiſon from thine eye.'

Pope.

SONNET XXII.

Line 1.

'I climb ſteep rocks, I break my way through copſes, among thorns and briars which tear me to pieces, and I feel a little relief.'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Firſt.

SONNET XXIII.

Line 1.

'The greater Bear, favourite of all the conſtellations; for when I left you of an evening it uſed to ſhine oppoſite your window,'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

SONNET XXIV.

Line 1.

'At the corner of the church-yard which looks towards the fields, there are two lime trees—it is there I wiſh to reſt.'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

SONNET XXV.

Line 1.

'May my death remove every obſtacle to your happineſs.—Be at peace, I intreat you be at peace.'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

Line 11.

When worms ſhall feed on this devoted heart,
Where even thy image ſhall be found no more.

From a line in Rouſſeau's Eloiſa.

SONNET XXVI.

Line 5.

For with the infant Otway, lingering here.

Otway was born at Trotten, a village in Suſſex. Of Woolbeding, another village on the banks of the Arun (which runs through them both), his father was rector. Here it was therefore that he

probably paſſed many of his early years. The Arun is here an inconſiderable ſtream, winding in a channel deeply worn, among meadow, heath, and wood.

SONNET XXVII.

Line 4.

Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.'

Thomſon.

SONNET XXVIII.

Line 9.

' Balmy hand to bind.'

Collins.

SONNET XXX.

Line 6.

Bindwith.

The plant Clematis, Bindwith, Virgin's Bower, or Traveller's Joy, which towards the end of June

begins to cover the hedges and ſides of rocky hollows, with its beautiful foliage, and flowers of a yellowiſh white of an agreeable fragrance; theſe are ſucceeded by ſeed pods, that bear ſome reſemblance to feathers or hair, whence it is ſometimes called Old Man's Beard.

Line 9.

Banks! which inſpir'd thy Otway's plaintive ſtrain!
Wilds! whoſe lorn Echo's learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful ſhell!

Collins, as well as Otway, was a native of this country, and probably at ſome period of his life an inhabitant of this neighbourhood, ſince in his beautiful Ode on the death of Colonel Roſs, he ſays:

The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial aid,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep,
E'en humble Hearting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

And in the Ode to Pity:

Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute.

SONNET XXXI.

Line 2.

'Alpine flowers.'

An infinite variety of plants are found on theſe hills, particularly about this ſpot: many ſorts of Orchis and Ciſtus of ſingular beauty, with ſeveral others.

SONNET XXXIII.

Line 9.

Thy natives.

Otway, Collins, Hayley.

SONNET XLII.

Line 8.

"The ſhrieking night-jar ſail on heavy wing."

The night-jar or night hawk, a dark bird not ſo big as a rook, which is frequently ſeen of an evening on the downs. It has a ſhort heavy flight, then reſts on the ground, and again, uttering a mournful cry, flits before the traveller, to whom its appearance is ſuppoſed by the peaſants to portend misfortune. As I have never ſeen it dead, I know not to what ſpecies it belongs.

SONNET XLIV.

Line 7.

Middleton is a village on the margin of the ſea in Suſſex, containing only two or three houſes. There were formerly ſeveral acres of ground between its ſmall church and the ſea; which now,

by its continual encroachments, approaches within a few feet of this half ruined and humble edifice. The wall, which once ſurrounded the church-yard, is entirely ſwept away, many of the graves broken up, and the remains of bodies interred waſhed into the ſea: whence human bones are found among the ſand and ſhingles on the ſhore.

SONNET XLV.

Line 11.

"The enthuſiaſt of the lyre who wander'd here."

Collins.—See note to Sonnet 30.

SONNET XLVI.

Line 8.

"But where now clamours the diſcordant heron."

In the park at Penſhurſt is an heronry. The houſe is at preſent uninhabited, and the windows of the galleries and other rooms, in which there are many invaluable pictures, are never opened but when ſtrangers viſit it.

Line 12.

Algernon Sidney.

SONNET LI.

Line 4.

Oſpray.

The ſea-eagle.

SONNET LIV.

Line 12.

A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.

Pope.

SONNET LVII.

Line 7.

The lark—the ſhepherd's clock.

Shakeſpear.

Line 14.

The mountain goddeſs, Liberty.

Milton.

SONNET LVIII.

Line 8.

" Star of the earth."

Dr. Darwin.

Line 9.

" The moiſten'd blade—"

Wolcot's beautiful Ode to the Glow-worm.

ELEGY.

This elegy is written on the ſuppoſition that an indigent young woman had been addreſſed by the ſon of a wealthy yeoman, who reſenting his attachment, had driven him from home, and compelled him to have recourſe for ſubſiſtence to the occupation of a pilot, in which, in attempting to ſave a veſſel in diſtreſs, he periſhed.

The father dying, a tomb is ſuppoſed to be erected to his memory in the church-yard mentioned in Sonnet the 44th. And while a tempeſt is

gathering, the unfortunate young woman comes thither; and courting the ſame death as had robbed her of her lover, ſhe awaits its violence, and is at length overwhelmed by the waves.

Verſe 8. Line 4.

" And fruitleſs calls on him who cannot hear."

" I fruitleſs mourn to him who cannot hear,
" And weep the more becauſe I weep in vain."

Gray's exquiſite Sonnet;

in reading which it is impoſſible not to regret that he wrote only one.

THE ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

This little poem was written almoſt extempore on occaſion of a converſation where many pleaſant things were ſaid on the ſubject of flattery; and ſome French gentlemen who were of the party, enquired for a ſynonime in Engliſh to the French

word fleurette. The poem was inſerted in the two firſt editions, and having been aſked for by very reſpectable ſubſcribers to the preſent, it is reprinted. The ſonnets have been thought too gloomy; and the author has been adviſed to inſert ſome of a more cheerful caſt. This poem may by others be thought too gay, and is indeed ſo little in uniſon with the preſent ſentiments and feelings of its author, that it had been wholly omitted but for the reſpectable approbation of thoſe to whoſe judgment ſhe owed implicit deference.

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